

1. Innumerable Incidents of a Vague Nature

Boston's North End, 1926

Dirty. Disgusting. A
hundred years of neglect.

Thank you, mummy and daddy. Wouldn't it
just scare you to death to think of your little girl
walking alone in such a sewer?

No, I don't suppose it would.

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, LADY.
STREETS IS TOO NARROW FROM
HERE ON.

AND I GOT TO TELL YOU, I
DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT.

THANK YOU. CAN YOU PICK
ME UP IN ONE HOUR?

YOU OUGHTA LET ME TAKE YOU
BACK TO SOUTH STATION.
ONNA HOUSE.

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

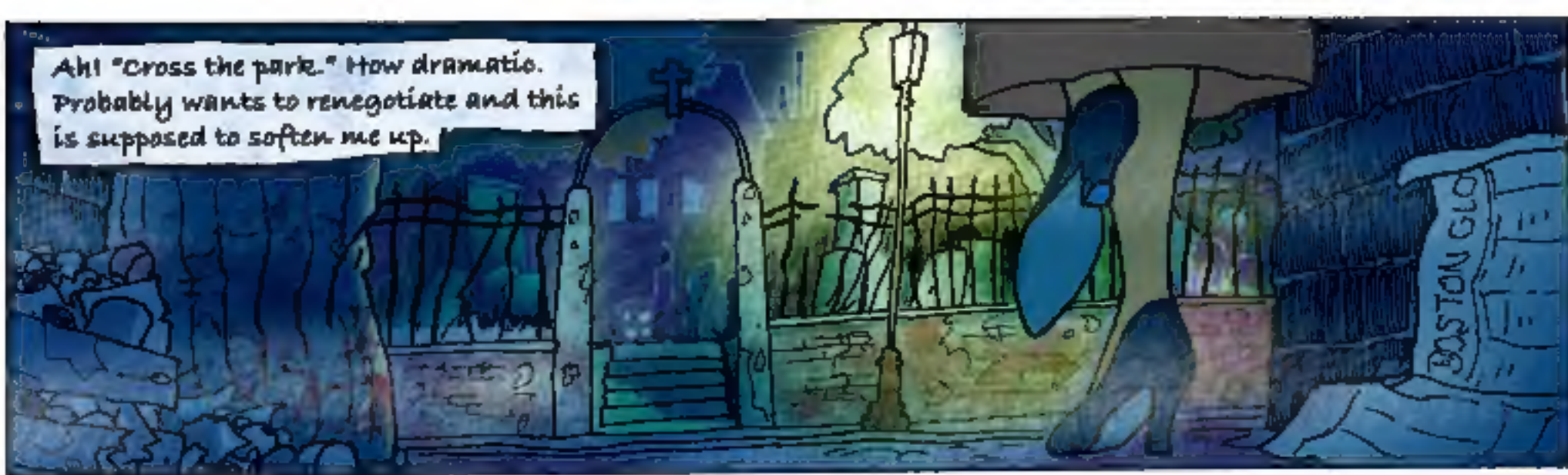
ONE HOUR.

OK, BUT I
AIN'T WAITING.

THAT WILL
BE FINE.



Ah! "Cross the park." How dramatic.
Probably wants to renegotiate and this
is supposed to soften me up.



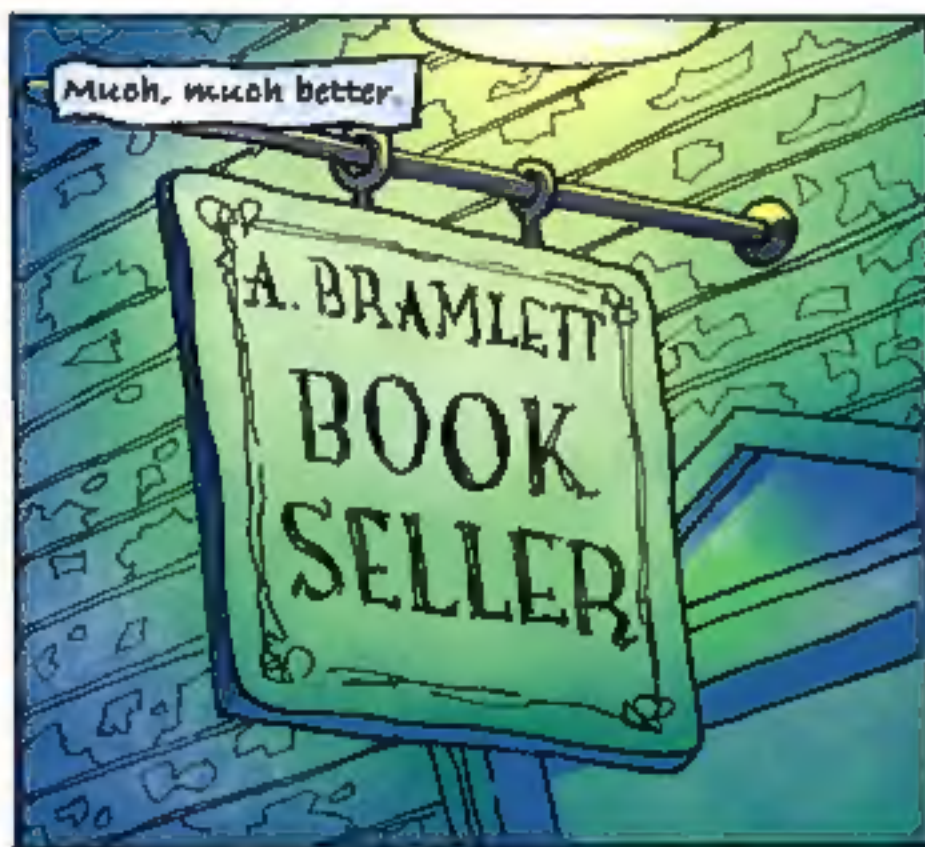
Oh, brother, have you got a surprise coming.
Spooks and goblins, witches and ghouls....



...you'll have to do
better than that.



Much, much better



HELLO? MR. BRAMLETT?



MR. BRAMLETT, IT'S NAN MERCY,
FROM PROVIDENCE.

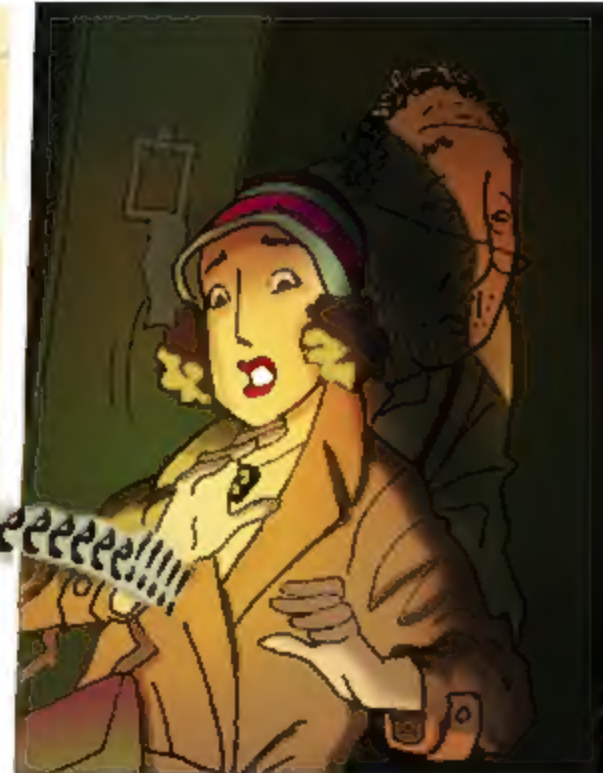
Cat pee. Mold....







Aaaaaaeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!



FATHER, CALM DOWN...
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE
AFRAID OF. THAT'S IT,
CALM.....



MISS MERCY, I PRESUME?

Y-YES.

I HAVE YOUR BOOK.

THIS WAY....



...THE JOURNAL OF DR.
ANGUS DEGROOT.



I ALMOST DIDN'T BELIEVE YOUR
LETTER. YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW
MANY FRAUDULENT OFFERS I
RECEIVE.

IT IS A VERY RARE BOOK.
YOUR LIBRARY CAME
IMMEDIATELY TO MIND.



HMMMM. FOLIO. REBOUND,
PROBABLY LATE NINETEENTH
CENTURY. BUT NOT A FIRST AS
YOU DESCRIBED...



...THERE'S NO VERSE ON THE TITLE PAGE.

YES, THAT IS INTERESTING. BUT AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW...



...THE ONLY OTHER EDITION OF THIS BOOK HAD THIS PASSAGE, AMONG OTHERS, EXCISED.

WITH OBVIOUS REASON.



THIS IS A VARIANT FIRST. AND THE PRICE IS FIRM.

IT HAS ALL THE PLATEST



ALL THIRTEEN. SHALL I WRAP IT UP?

YES.



YOU'LL LET ME KNOW SHOULD YOU COME UPON ANY OTHER RARITIES OF THIS SORT?



BUT OF COURSE.

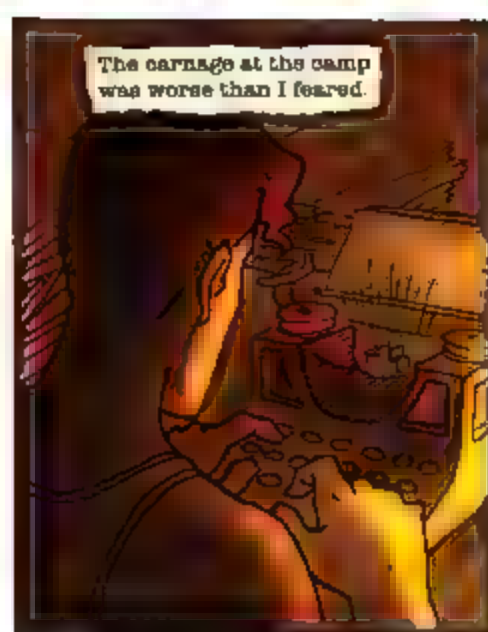
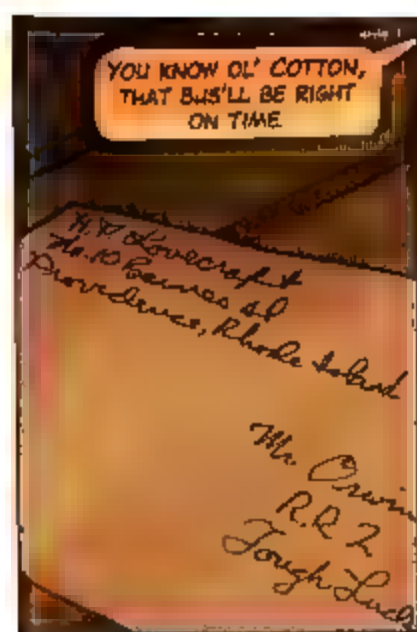
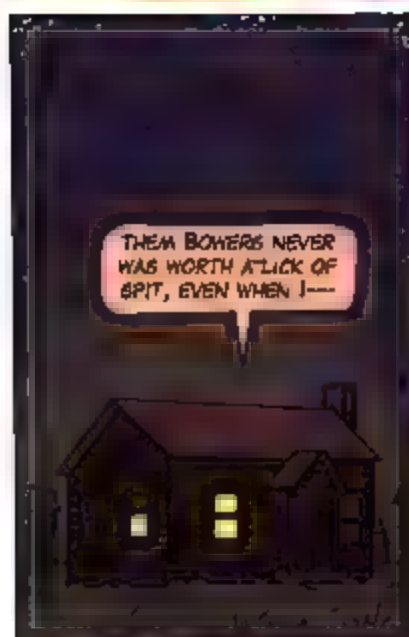












That meant only one thing: Milo had entered the Mound. Alone.



All the secrets of that unknowable presence, all the terrible knowledge buried, with good reason, by this long-vanished tribe—

— the temptation had been too great for the pitiable remnant of Milo's soul.



The tomb was empty.



the cairn, undisturbed.

The mouldering stench of decay and death was stronger now than when we first opened the tomb, the silence deeper.

But then where was Milo? I shuddered to think

The inscription we'd uncovered hinted at fates far worse than mere death

Suddenly, I was possessed of the driving certainty that I must cover the inscription, reveal the mound

and send Milo back to the hell that had spawned him.



But then, behind me: a soft eddying sound...



PICKMAN.

NOT TO MY TASTE.



WE HEAR THAT A LOT. STILL, HE HAS FOLLOWERS, LIKE YOUNG WILCOX, AND COLLECTORS WHO ARE RABID ABOUT HIS WORK

ESPECIALLY SINCE HIS DISAPPEARANCE.



THESE WILL BE MORE TO YOUR LIKING. FROM HIS ESTATE, DONE IN HIS OWN HAND.



MAPS OF SUPPOSED PRE-REVOLUTIONARY WAR TUNNELS SAID TO EXIST BENEATH BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE



CAN YOU VOUCH FOR THEIR ACCURACY?

AH, NO. MR. PICKMAN HAD MANY PECULIAR BELIEFS.

BUT THEY ARE PICKMAN ORIGINALS.



MR. PICKMAN'S WORK IS NOT AS INTERESTING TO ME AS MR. PICKMAN HIMSELF.

...A MR. MARTENSE HAS EXPRESSED INTEREST.

I'LL TAKE THEM, OF COURSE.

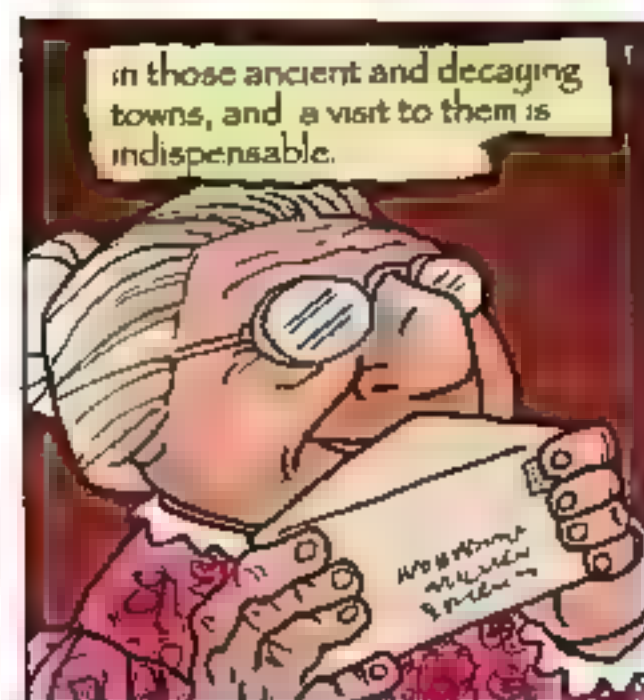
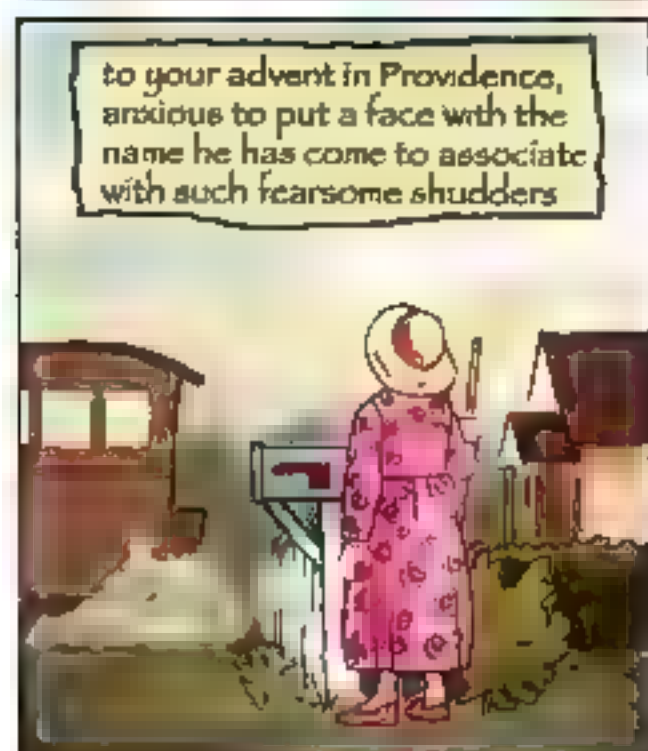
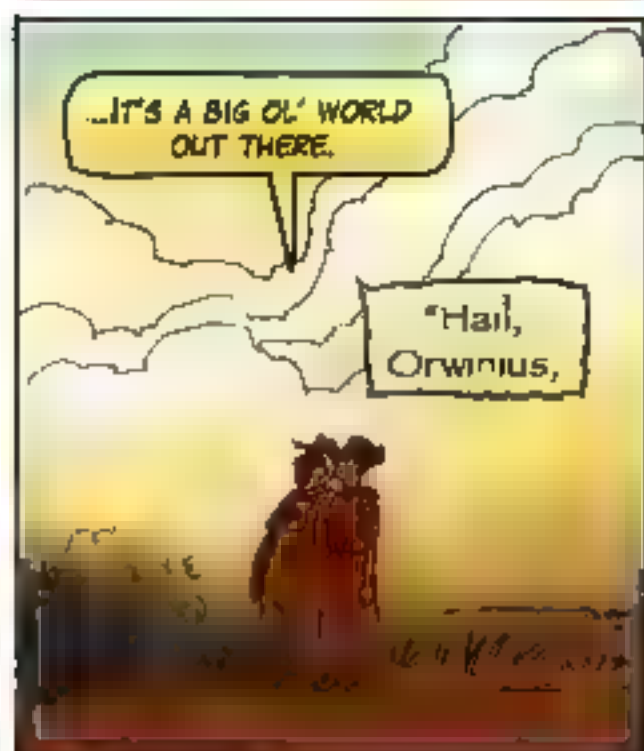


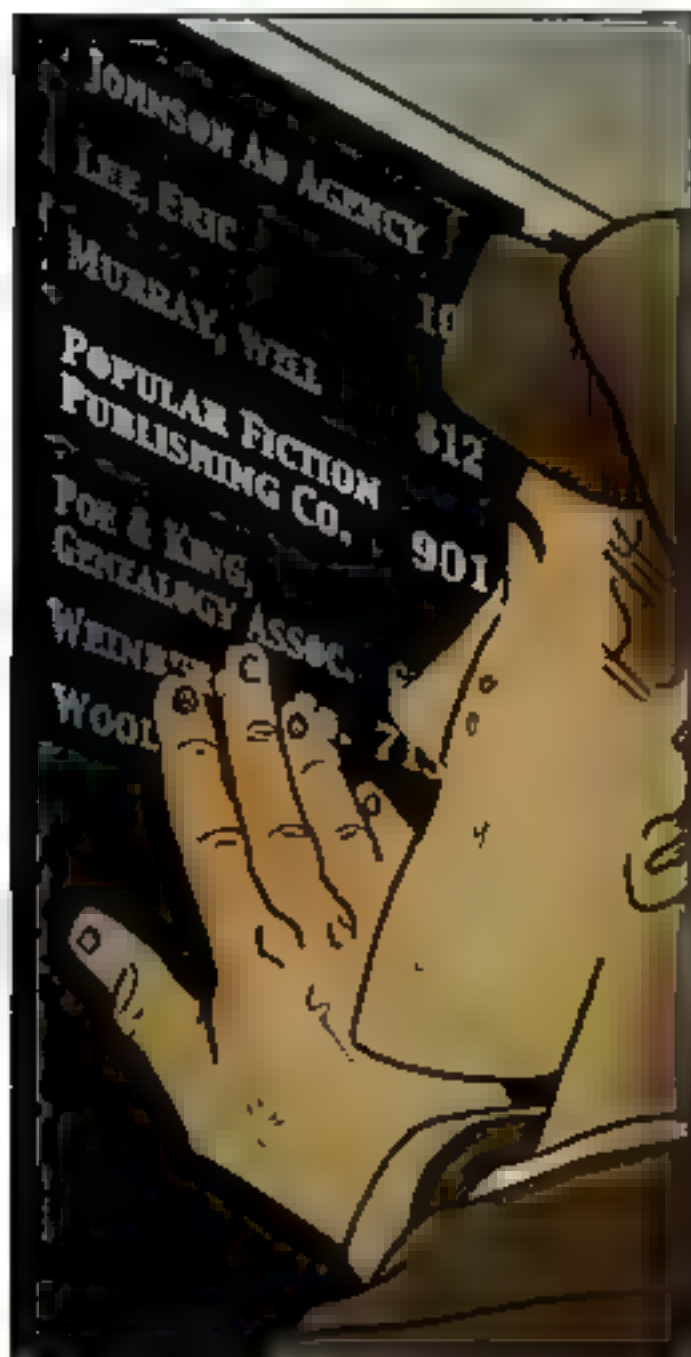
EXCELLENT SHALL I BILL THE UNIVERSITY?

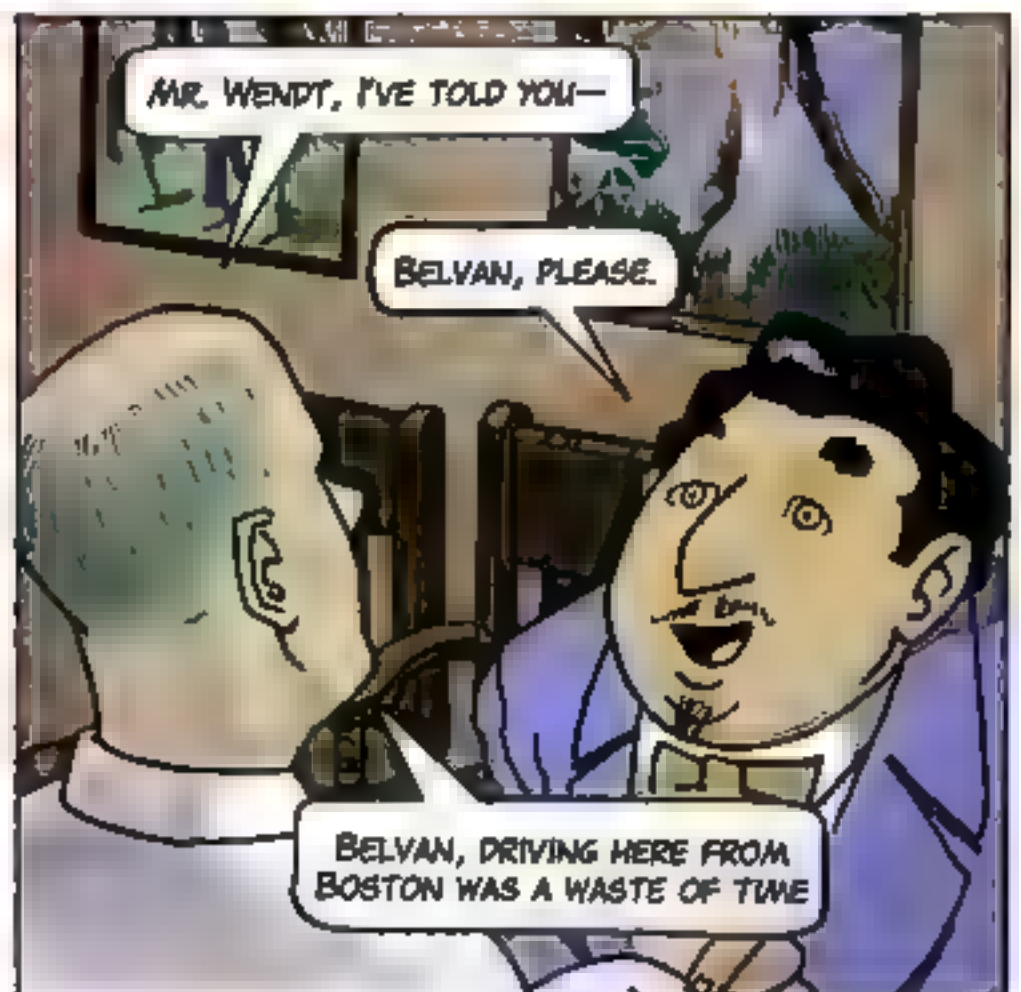
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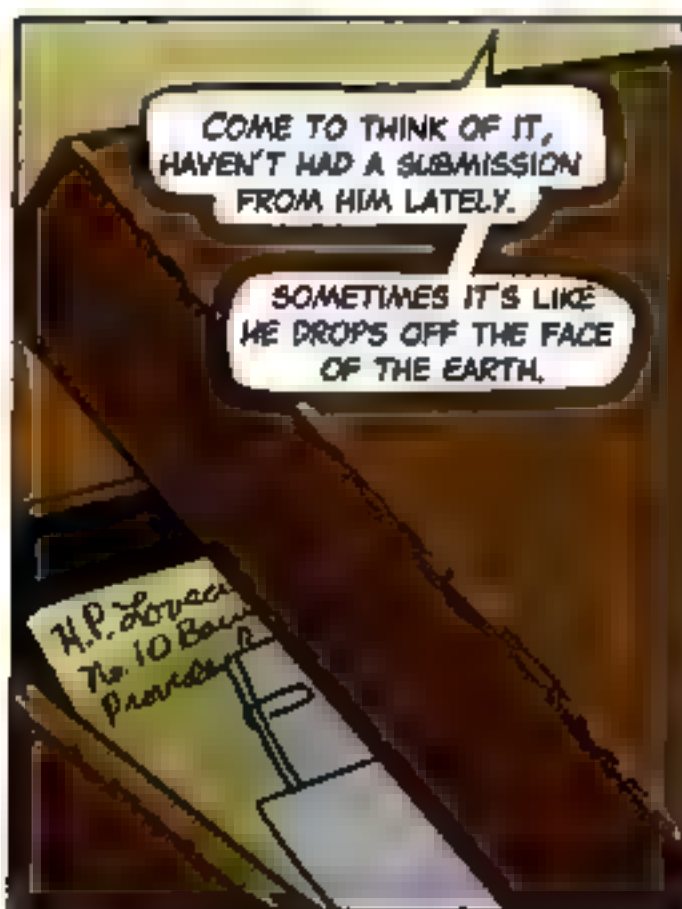


THIS IS A PRIVATE PURCHASE.

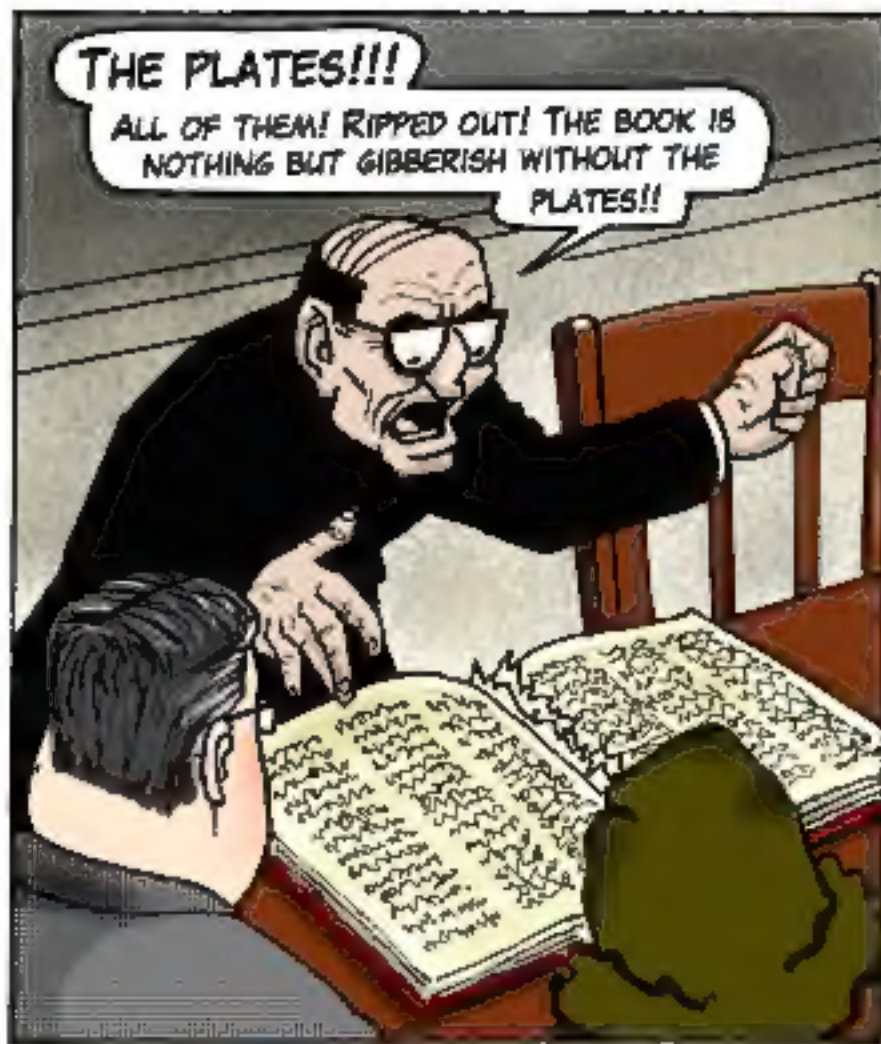












THE PLATES!!!

ALL OF THEM! RIPPED OUT! THE BOOK IS NOTHING BUT GIBBERISH WITHOUT THE PLATES!!



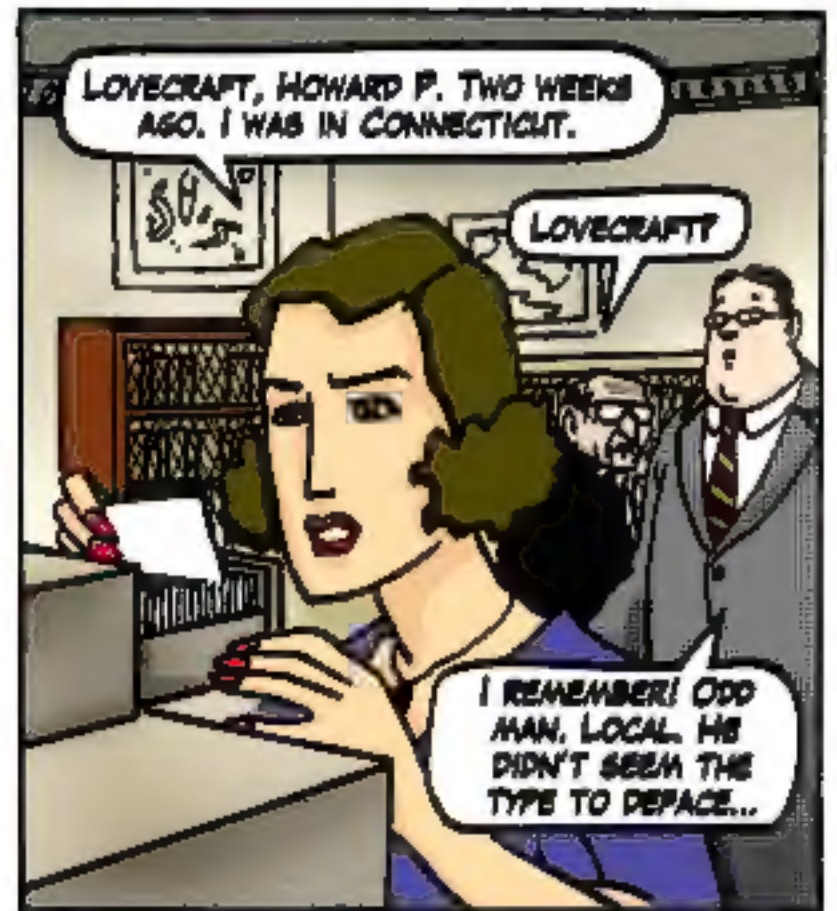
IMPOSSIBLE!

THE PLATES WERE ALL HERE WHEN I BOUGHT IT LAST MONTH!



WHO'S SEEN THE BOOK SINCE THEN?

IT SHOULD BE IN THE REGISTRY.



LOVECRAFT, HOWARD P. TWO WEEKS AGO. I WAS IN CONNECTICUT.

LOVECRAFT?

I REMEMBER! ODD MAN. LOCAL. HE DIDN'T SEEM THE TYPE TO DEFACE...



WELL, APPARENTLY HE WAS...

HIS ADDRESS IS WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE. I'LL BE BACK.

DON'T FORGET OUR FACULTY MEETING AT FIVE O'CLOCK.



YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHOM YOU ALLOW TO USE YOUR MATERIALS.

FRANKLY, FATHER, I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.



DAMNIT!!!

